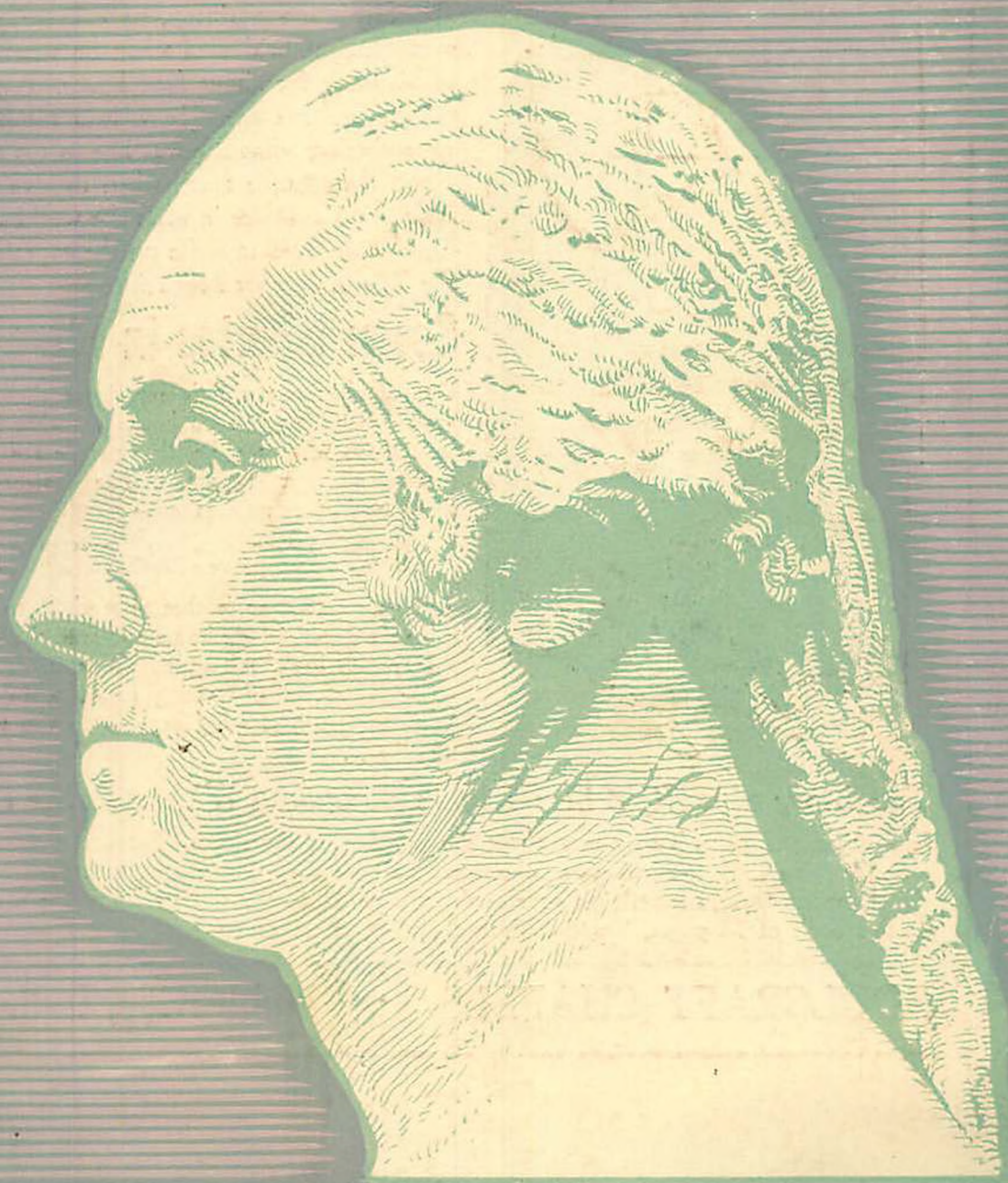


*Bright*  
**HORIZONS**  
*for FEBRUARY, 1955*





# What All Grown-Ups Don't Know:

*People Don't Necessarily Die When  
Their Souls Go Out of Their Bodies*



OUT in a quaint little house on a California mountaintop, back in 1929, a man thought he'd died when he went out of his body for about four hours. But he didn't die. He came back into his body remembering what life was like in the condition that people reach when they've left their physical selves in what the world calls Death. He lived to write up the experience for *The American Magazine*—

## Seven Minutes in Eternity

Out of that one night's experience the man wrote something like 20 books on what happens to us when we die, that people are now reading all over the world. The contents of those books are now called—

## SOULCRAFT

Ask your father or mother to send \$1 to this same man's publishing house and read the book that comes back, telling all about it. You'll never be afraid of getting killed when you know the truth of what happens to you when you die . .

### *The Story of a Night in a Lonely Bungalow With a Police Dog*

It is making religious history throughout the world, that experience. Because it was followed by others. If you wish your whole spiritual philosophy made over, with facts about the After-life that you can sink your teeth in, send \$1 to the address below for a copy of this book of 78 pages, bound in Burgundy leatherette covers—

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**SOULCRAFT CHAPELS : Noblesville, Indiana**

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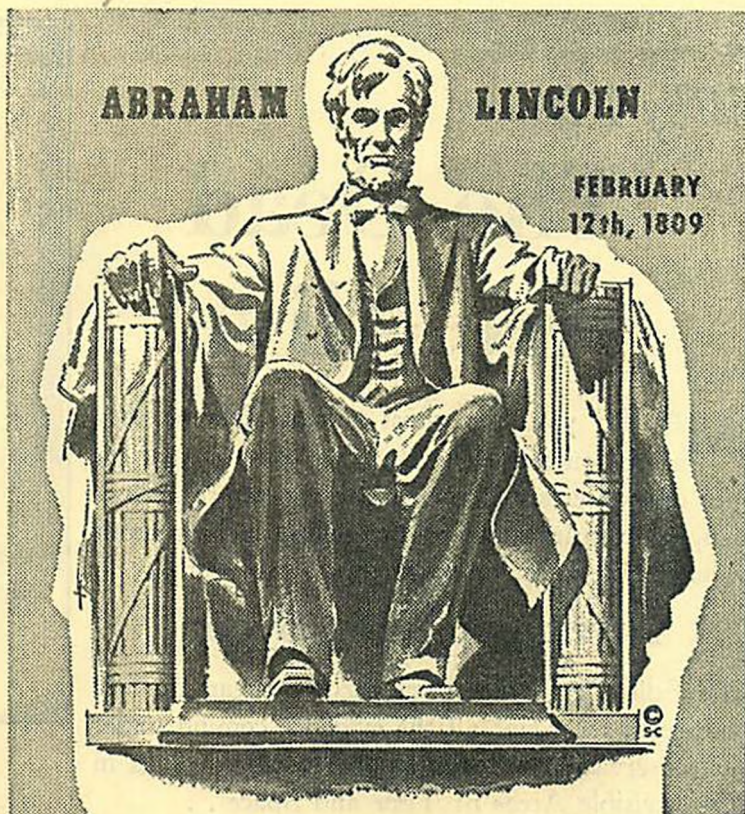


*Bernice Sell*

# Let's Not Forget Abe Lincoln

who shares birthday honors this month with George Washington. Some say he was a greater President than Washington, and in a different way he was. Washington was an orthodox

churchman in religion, whereas Abe Lincoln professed no creed but was eager to find out whatever he could about the higher worlds of life by attending Spiritualistic seances held in the White House throughout his Administration—a fact rarely mentioned in his biographies . .



## *He Satisfied Himself that Communication with Higher Planes Was Possible*

Soulcraft believes this had much to do with making him the great man in the humanities that he showed himself. No one can become learned in such Higher Wisdom without seeing earth-life in a clearer prospective. Such loftier knowledge cannot help but raise anyone who acquires it to greatness in some degree. Chiefly it supplies a worthwhile meaning to life, while making him utterly fearless of any experience life has to offer him. If you fear something secretly, it's bound to make you cringing and little. Seeing the higher answers to Life's problems, nothing can truly upset you.

**This Magazine Offers You His Spiritual Fundamentals**



*Why I Believe*

# The Dead Are Alive!

**M**AYBE you like ghost stories. Maybe they scare you to death. But true ghost stories are not only interesting, even gripping, but they challenge our entire structure of religious beliefs about what happens to human beings after death.

## Twenty-six Years Bygone

the Editor of *BRIGHT HORIZONS* began making a careful record of all the evidence coming under his observation of activity of conscious beings in the Invisible Areas of Time and Space . .



## 318 Pages of Evidence that Dead People Do Come Back and Talk to Us!

**I**N the book *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive*, he has published all these extraordinary experiences, and you will want to read all about them. Particularly will you want to read about Harriet, the Editor's daughter, who died when she was two years old but who has now grown to become a lovely woman of forty, who helps her father from the Invisible Conditions of life, prove these matters to people in mortality.

## You Will No Longer Be Afraid of Death Coming to You

when you read this massive array of evidence about what has happened to other people who have gone ahead of you through the experience.

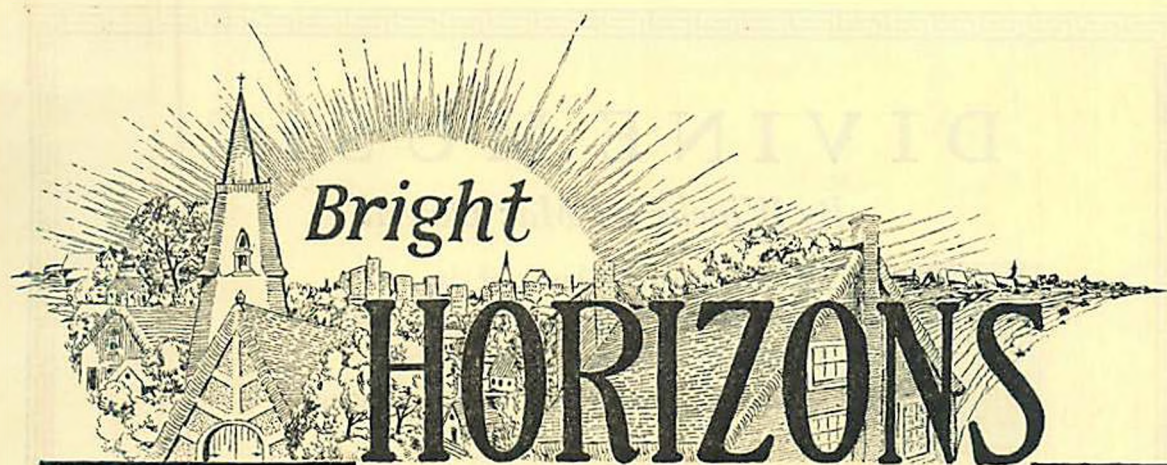
A new edition of this book is now ready for immediate delivery:

**\$4**

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**SOULCRAFT CHAPELS, Noblesville, Ind.**





VOLUME FOUR

FEBRUARY, 1955

NUMBER ONE

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# DIVINE MUSIC

*By Winchester Mac Dowell*



HEARD a lark at break of day  
Break into song—or did she pray?  
I stood in reverence, listening long  
To hear small throat so full of song.

Love was her summons, Love her theme  
Love was her essence, though 'twould seem  
To mortals caged in flesh as we  
Love works by spell and mystery.

But if we tune our Spirit Ear,  
Vast harmonies of Love we'll hear  
From trees, from grass, from flowers too,  
For *by* and *through* God's Love they grew.

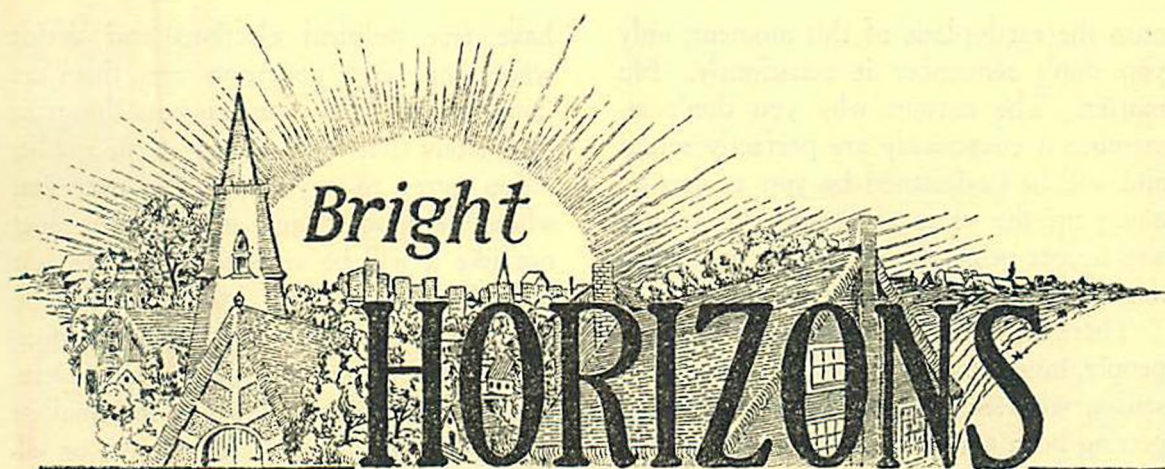
This score of Love, oft high, oft low,  
We hear beneath all things that grow,  
Without Love's hymn no tree could be,  
Each forest is but symphony.

We come to scoff, remain to pray,  
At noting Love's harmonious way,  
In knowing that through Love's concord,  
Each star, or ant, lives through the Lord.

Thus music is our Breath of Life,  
While discord symbol is of strife;  
My soul's ennobled and kept strong  
By hearing birds break into song!







VOLUME FOUR

FEBRUARY, 1955

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## WHY Our Parents Are So Worried about Communism



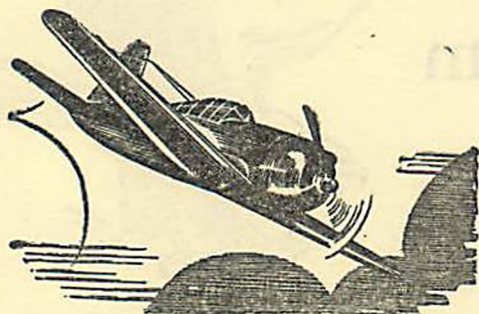
**Y**OU HAVE been told in Soulcraft and from other sources of high religious thought, that the souls of each one of us die out of our bodies, spend a little time on the so-called Thought Planes of heaven—where life is not greatly different

from life on earth—then concentrate on the body of some new baby that a woman-mother may be having and come out into earth-life possessed of it. You've done the same thing yourself in order to get back



onto the earth-plane of this moment, only you don't remember it consciously. No matter. The reasons why you don't remember it consciously are perfectly sound and will be understood by you as you go along up the years absorbing the greater and deeper principles of Soulcraft. That's not the point for the moment, however . .

There seems to be a great horde of spirit-people, invisible to our earthly slow-motion senses, who see this process of dying and getting born again, as a way to go perpetually onward with life on this earth-plane. It means they make no real spiritual progress, of course, but they don't care about that. All that's interesting them is, creating a world for themselves to come back to again and again, where they shall be the masters and slave-drivers of everybody, and be recognized as the controlling governors. But the world of society they thus make plans for supervising is far from being the free, God-worshipping world that you've discovered it ever since you began living in your latest earthly body.



**THEY** want a world without churches, where no religion whatsoever is taught, because they personally don't believe in the existence of any loving heavenly Father. They want a world where the people don't

have free political elections and decide whom their civic governors over them are going to be. They want to boss things so completely that they can say to the public, "You agree to anybody ruling over you whom we appoint, and anybody who does not like it will be arrested and taken out into the rear of City Hall and may be shot." And the people they intend to specify as rulers—from the big federal government in Washington down to the smallest officeholder in any American town or village—is to be made up from a list of harsh, ruthless, and godless men whose loyalty is first of all to the Kremlin of Russia.

There will be no more local elections of State governors, or congressmen or senators. The people of the United States will take orders from the one world-governing body in the Kremlin, which is a name given to the Capitol Hill of Russia. You will hear no more about the wonderful lives of such men as George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and other great historical heroes of America because everybody is supposed to bow down and worship the lords in the capital of Russian communism, and no particular country think of itself as having an historical background any more.

Our fathers and mothers are worried about Communism because by stealth, trickery, bribery and underhand influence agents are slipping into vital spots in our great free government that will work secretly to make this great and terrible alteration come to pass.

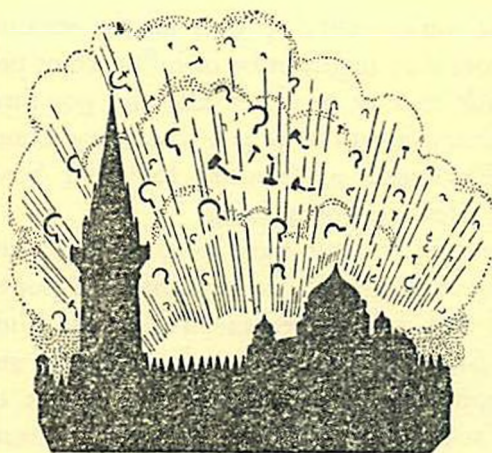
That was really what the recent fuss over Senator Joseph McCarthy in the high-



est governing body of the United States, was really all about. And each and every one of us should come to appreciate the seriousness of it . .

SENATOR Joseph McCarthy had been legally elected to his office by the people of the great western State of Wisconsin. Some time after ascending to his political seat he began to become suspicious of the secret operations of big and influential men behind our great free government in Washington, and asked his brother senators to appoint him as head of a committee to investigate them and expose what they were doing toward the total ruin and subjection of political power and the wicked Kremlin's success. Senator McCarthy's brother senators did so—at least enough of them believing in free government did so—and Senator McCarthy started in. The newspapers kept tab on what he was uncovering from time to time, and reported it to the people. The people across our forty-eight American States began to be frightened and angered at the boldness of those who would thus work to end our free institutions, and the wicked groups seeking to make the faraway Kremlin all-powerful got their heads together quickly.

"We've got to stop this man's investigations," they told each other, "or we're all going to be found out and sent to prison. But how are we going to do it?"



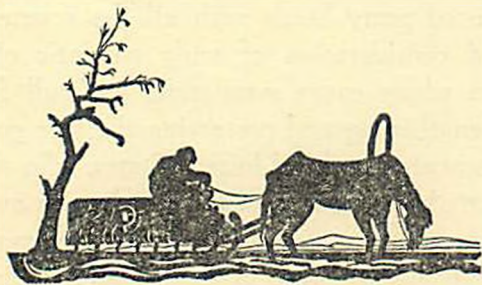
WELL, this courageous and fearless Wisconsin senator had discovered among other things that the Communists were slipping their agents right into the highest ranks of the United States Army, where they could be in position to make us lose if we ever got involved in an open war with Russia. He discovered that these secret agents were being treated by certain trusted army heads with all the courtesy and consideration of truly patriotic officers whose entire sympathies were all for strengthening and preserving the free government of the United States. So he started issuing subpoenas for the top men who were thus stupidly betraying our country while we were at peace, and calling them into committee-rooms and quizzing them about the treacherous mischiefs they were engaged in. This, of course, made them angry and terrified, for they as Army men were being involved in it, too.

Anyhow, these workers for the success of the Kremlin in overthrowing all the governments of Christian countries—because really they hated the Christ and all



His works—checked over all the senators whom they might bribe or influence or persuade to stay on their side, and got them to bring in to the Senate what they named a Resolution of Censure for what Senator McCarthy was doing.

Actually they were bold enough, and desperate enough, to reprimand a powerful and duly-elected member of the United States Senate, previously appointed and empowered to investigate and report on all such secret mischief. To censure means to condemn and if possible punish him for his acts. They were all perfectly legal and approved acts, tending to save the government control of United States from the country's enemies overseas, but nevertheless the secret mischief-workers seemed to have mustered enough senatorial votes, by hook or crook, to have Senator McCarthy admonished and to a degree disgraced—purely for doing his sworn duty.



What it really did was to bring to the attention of millions of present-day fathers and mothers, how much more powerful the Kremlin was in American governmental affairs than they had remotely dreamed. Then right in the midst of it, the country had a congressional election, and control switched from the Republicans to the

Democrats. That meant that all the heads of committees in congress and the senate, switched from Republicans to Democrats too. So McCarthy, a Republican, found himself replaced by a Democrat, and not in much of a position any longer to carry on a really successful fight against the Red plotters and secret workers.

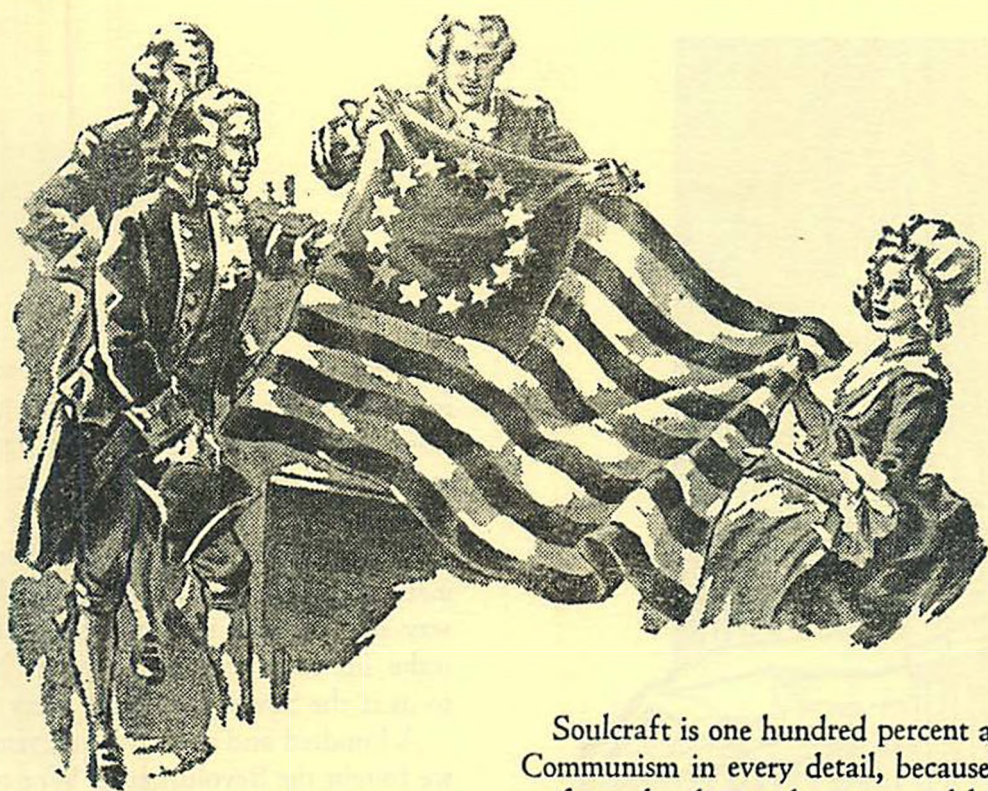
Understand clearly, it didn't mean that the particular senators who voted to censure McCarthy for "investigating" Communism in the army were secret Communists themselves. It meant that the pro-Communist workers found ways of "persuading" them to condemn Senator McCarthy, so as to make it appear to the country that he was henceforth in the doghouse—as we phrase it today—and not a nice person to associate with, in Washington.

THIS is the basis of the terribly serious fight that is going on throughout our free nation at the present time. Senator McCarthy has temporarily lost his power to investigate and expose these secret workers for the overthrow of free government, and more and more sympathizers with Russia are boring deeper and deeper into the various departments at Washington, with no one seemingly able to do much about it.

Fathers and mothers across America have finally come to realize how influential these Kremlin workers are growing—and worrying over what methods can now be taken to stop them before they turn out successful.

Soulcraft boys and girls should realize too, that these foreign agents haven't on-





ly gotten their evil fingers into political government at Washington and elsewhere, they have sifted themselves into the public school system of the United States so as to direct the nation's educational system. This means they can spread their propaganda for Russia in the textbooks from which boys and girls study the merits of various governmental systems, and get the most evil lies and misrepresentations to be accepted as gospel truth.

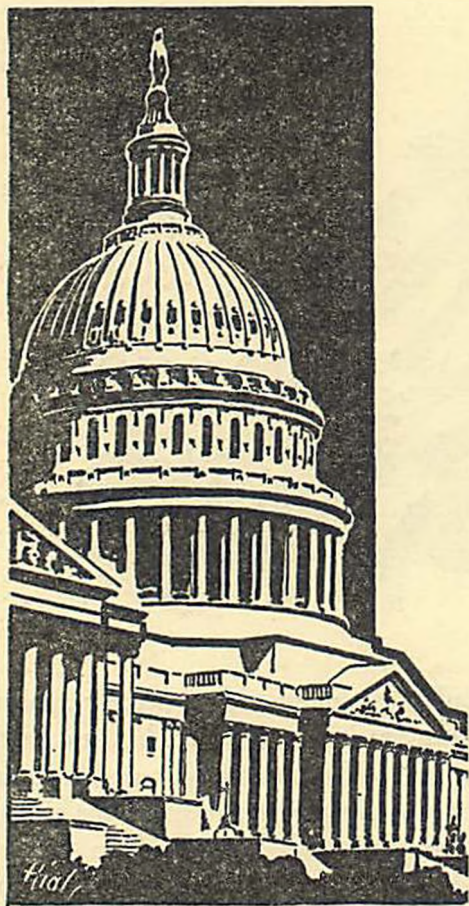
The thing has gotten to such a pass that millions of older folk are seriously concerned how much longer the supporters of free government are going to be able to keep the nation from open rule by Communists.

Soulcraft is one hundred percent against Communism in every detail, because Soulcraft teaches law and respect and love for Christ and everything He stood for among men while on earth. It believes in the hallowed dignity of the human spirit and that no one has the right to *order* another man's religion or politics or business activities, so long as the latter are within the law.

This struggle against Communism that you hear so much about, therefore, is a struggle to keep you free as an American citizen, so that when you grow up you will be at liberty to worship God as you please, marry whom you please, have whatever family in your own right that you please, engage in whatever business or work you please and make whatsoever money you can.

Communism says secretly that you can do none of these things. You shall work





where you are ordered to work, and accept what money the Communists arrange to pay you at their own whim, and no more. If you're ordered to work on a salt mine or coal mine for a few pennies a week—pennies, understand, not dollars—and such food as may be parceled out to you, and you kick about it, you can be arrested and jailed, or shot for disobedience to the State. You can never know any religious instruction because practically all churches are prohibited in Russia, because the Kremlin rulers don't believe in God, anyhow.

You can never again cast your vote freely for even a town official, because men in Russia aren't voted for, they're *appointed* and whosoever doesn't fancy it is shot or imprisoned.

The whole American Way of life is diametrically opposite to the Kremlin-Russian way of life, and it's time that all of us wake up to it and realize what happens to us if the Soviet agents get away with it.

A hundred and seventy-seven years after we fought the Revolutionary War to establish our freedom forever in this country, we're being faced with such secret political and industrial operating that our very Constitution stands in danger of being abolished.

It's time boys and girls had these things said to them, frankly and openly, so as they add years of their own to their lives, they may give thought to what they in their own turn are eventually going to do about it.

To keep you and your children in as much ignorance as possible, and as poor and helpless and possible, is what the Communists are after, all to the end that Russia may become the one greatest nation on earth.

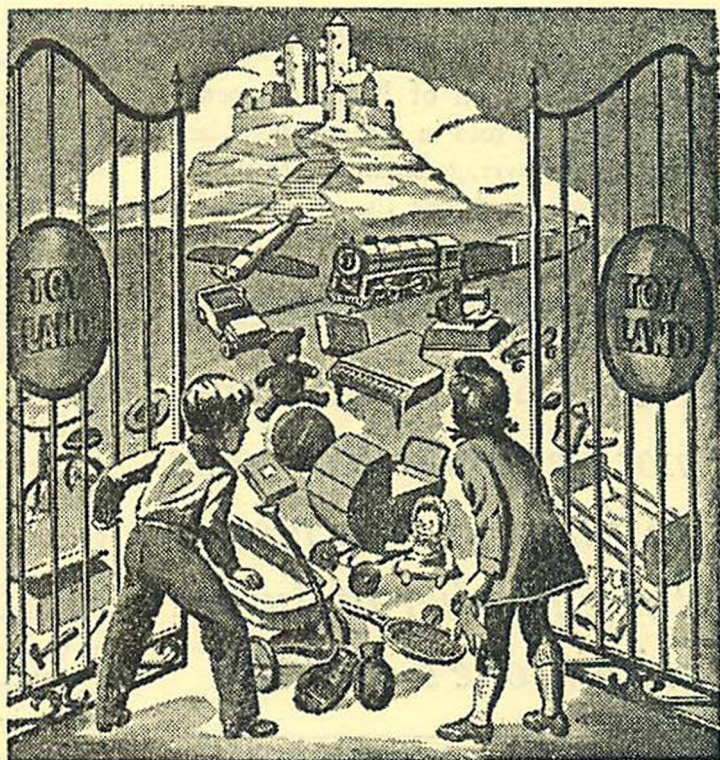
Do we want that to happen?

We're forced to give thought to it.



# Good Times Ahead for Children Who Die..

*A DIFFERENT Point of View than Is Commonly Brought to Childhood's Notice*



**T**HE AVERAGE child loves its father and mother and couldn't bear the thought of suddenly dying and leaving them. What would become of them, they ask themselves, if the father or mother went right along living their lives in the earth-world and looking after brothers and sisters who didn't die? Who would give them, the children, their instructions and educations to get along in the great unseen world after bodily death, if fathers and mothers were no longer around to coach them?

Of course the average child doesn't

think very much about dying, nevertheless it happens. He makes a running start across a street and is struck by an oncoming motorcar he didn't see, or he contracts a cold some winter's noontime by reason of running out of the house without hat or rubbers, and the cold develops into flu, and he gets so sick he doesn't know what's going on, and pretty soon Mr. and Mrs. Jones have "lost" a young son or daughter. The fact of what happens to that young son or daughter has to be faced. And children should be freely told about it in advance, so to stop being frightened by it.

The latest book which has been published at Soulcraft Headquarters tackles



this mighty question of *What Happens?* . . . although it's told in too advanced language for the average small fry to understand. However, here's the gist of it, in fairly simple language . . .

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**¶ CONSCIENCE** *cannot be compelled; come to find out it is merely the Chamber of Justice within one's own self*

---

FIRST of all, Dying is no more to be afraid of than falling asleep in one's bed at night. Indeed, the sensation is very similar.

You fall asleep and you wake up. True, you don't seem to wake up in the same bedroom. It's like somebody changing the bed under you while you were in slumber. For one thing, the brightness of the world to which you awaken is much, much more brilliant than you've been accustomed to, on earth. But you soon get used to that.

Make certain of one thing, and never forget it: You do have a body, the same as you had a body while you lived in your parents' home on earth. And you *do* have the ability to think and acknowledge yourself as a person—although a very small

person—in the new state to which you presently realize you've come.

If you've had a beloved aunt or grandmother that you've been told "died" sometime ahead of you, probably you'll see that perfectly wonderful person moving about the room in which you have awakened. Aunts and grandmothers make a specialty of being on hand to take care of child-souls who have to quit their earthly bodies because of careless automobile accidents or cases of pneumonia. Auntie or grandmother will tell you who she is, and the smartest thing for you to do is accept you're being told the truth, and let them kiss and love you as much as they please. Probably they're going to take the place of your earthly mother from that point on.

When they let you get out of your new heavenly bedroom and go outdoors, you're going to behold a world almost identical with the world in which your recent physical body moved. Only it's going to be much more beautiful, and you're *never* going to see anybody fighting in it—and you'd better not try to start a fight of any kind yourself. People don't fight in the world above Death that you've entered. If they do, they demote themselves automatically. That means they're not considered fit to stay on the planes where they find themselves. They just "sink down" to lower planes and are required to remain on the level for which they're fitted.

At once you're going to be confronted by thousands of other children who've been made to quit their physical earthly bodies because of running out carelessly in front of automobiles or catching a cold and dying of flu and other diseases. And you're



going to make the discovery that hundreds of the finest ladies you ever heard of, have been given the steady job of looking after the great swarms of children who've left their parents, the same as yourself.

Gradually you'll come to realize that it's been a perfectly marvelous experience, to die, because it's suddenly introduced you to so much . .

**YOU DISCOVER** there are perfectly marvelous schools for you children, exactly as there had been on the earthside. The only punishment you get on this higher side for breaking entirely reasonable rules, is segregation. That means you are assigned to some lower order of intelligence where the achievements of those making it represent what they tried to make of their characters before they passed through the death-experience and "came over" . .

In other words, you stay precisely where you're fitted to stay by your own temperament and disposition as a human being regardless of your age.

You'll see trees, flowers, buildings, everything precisely as you saw such things on earth. But you won't knock off your studies at twelve o'clock for food because the body you find yourself still alive in, won't require such stuff as food. This new body of yours—which looks so much like the body you were living in on earth when the motorcar struck you—simply doesn't get hungry. For that matter, it rarely needs sleep, either. Pretty soon you'll begin to form companionships, precisely as you did when you first went to school in earthlife.



And you'll discover that your body is growing precisely as your earthly body had been growing until that accident happened.

**PROBABLY** one of the biggest things you'll experience will be attending the most wonderful parties they keep continuously giving in this new Spirit-Land to which you've gained. There'll be toys on such occasions as Christmas or birthdays, just as you had before you came over. But think of a party attended by a couple of *thousand* children, not just a neighborhood handful.

Of course you'll probably meet slathers of relatives—gradually—besides aunts or grandmothers. There'll be no more motorcars in the land to which you've gained, to knock you down, nor any fatal diseases to afflict you. And slowly, as you grow out of being a child, you'll naturally become interested in some special line of work.



You'll find every facility provided for you to pursue it, all free, and what progress you make in it will thereafter strictly be up to yourself.

In short, if you should accidentally get killed in earth-life, you simply wake up to a state of affairs that's immeasurably better than anything you might have found on the earth-plane, had you lived to be a thousand years old.



One thing remember: There are no *punishments* awaiting you for anything in this Higher Life. If you willfully do wrong, it's known at once, and all these kindly people say or do is to separate you from the group with the word of warning: "You

just haven't *qualified* to remain where you are."

You have to take your place lower down the ladder where you *are* qualified. For that matter, however, so does everyone, old or young. This is the real truth of what happens, that the Sunday School teacher interprets as the Judgment of the Soul by God.

No one who's ever gotten onto the higher planes of life has ever found himself slated for any divine Day of Judgment in a courtroom, with God on the Bench handing out sentences to heaven or hell forever and ever. God couldn't do all that work, or spend all that time listening to evidence for or against, and have any time left to give heed to the operations of the world. Something like 65,000 persons die and pass over in the United States alone every 24 hours in the year. Think what God would face if He actually had to stand 65,000 souls a day-and-night up in any divine courtroom and "judge" them. Those were the ideas that came from a day when theologians had no idea of the numbers of people in the earth-world in other lands beside their own.

No, God simply puts a sort of system into effect, that people "find" the level in the higher heavenly society where they belong as they've qualified, and the qualifying is determined right here and now on this earth-plane, by how much we've been willing to learn from teachings, say like Soulcraft.

THE AMAZING thing will be that from time to time as you find your-





self growing older in this summerland state, precisely as you would have done if you'd remained on earth, you'll be introduced to ways for making trips back to world-life and seeing how your physical parents and brothers and sisters have been making it, since you left them. Then one by one, as the mishaps or illnesses of life overtake them, they'll be presenting themselves in turn up on those higher levels that you attained unthinkingly as a baby or small-fry. You'll know more than they do about this higher life, of course, because you'll have had experiences of it ahead of them. So really, you'll actually

become the instructor and helper of maybe your own earthly father and mother. In other words, the tables will be turned. You'll be the older person *spiritually*.

But *afraid* of dying?

The one massive thing you want to get through your thinking is the proven fact, confirmed by tens of thousands of children as well as grown-ups who've gone through experience already, is, that the reason the so-called Heaven-world is what it is, is the fact that it doesn't contain one blessed item of any sort to be fearful of or take fright at. The things to be frightened at are all confined down here to this earth-world. "Upstairs" as we call it, all is kindness and understanding and helpfulness and generosity.

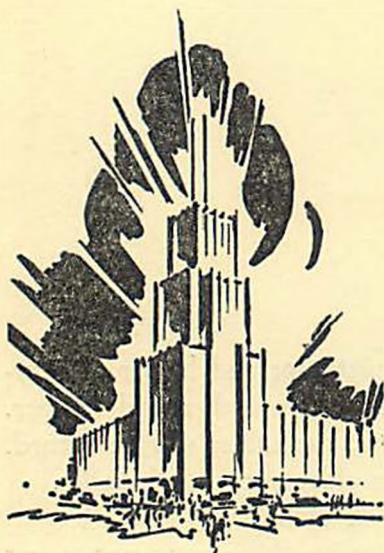
Of course it could scarcely be otherwise in a sort of society where Jesus Himself occupies a governing position not unlike President Eisenhower in *this* world or nation.

So don't ever have the slightest fright at *dying*, if you're ever faced with it. Just think to yourself, "I'm headed for a state where it's better than it is here."

You'll find out that it's fact.

And you'll bless Soulcraft for disclosing it to you ahead of time, so you're ready to enjoy it . .





# YOU Fixed Your Ambitions Before Becoming a Baby

*DEEP in Your Subconscious Mind You Carry a Blueprint of What You Expect to Be when You Grow Up, and It Didn't Get There by Chance . .*

**E**VERY Soulcraft boy and girl is carrying about in his mind certain ideas of what he or she expects to become when he or she grows up. Such subconscious

ideas are called usually, Ambitions. He or she is *ambitious*, we say, to become this or that. Maybe a boy is ambitious to become rich, and run banks, or railroads, or vast industries. Maybe he wants to be a famous flyer, or Arctic explorer. On the other hand, his little sister aspires to nothing higher than being the faithful wife of some boy she hasn't met yet, and establishing a nice home with him and raising a family of perfectly-behaved children.

Where do you suppose these so-called "ambitions" come from in the first place? You think they are merely fancies or imaginations?

No, they are by no means fancies or

imaginations. Deep, deep in the subconscious mind of every baby born on earth lurks a general design of the career he or she purposefully has decided to go into earth-life to see realized. And the reason for it is this—

We are discovering through psychical research and Soulcraft that the real reason people come into life and get themselves born as babies, is to grow up and fulfill a sort of distinctive role that will teach them something special. They want the chance to go through a given set of experiences that they can profit spiritually from receiving, and thus be better equipped to proceed onto the very highest levels of



Consciousness in the great and brilliant worlds that wait on ahead. All these things are more or less planned out before the average boy or girl decides to take up occupancy of the newly developing baby body that will be presently born of a given mother here in this material world. It takes years and years to develop all the plans for one's earth-life, and make the arrangements for earthly circumstances to happen in such a way that these ambitions arrived at on the higher plane of Consciousness may be realized.

Very good, however, . . . the plans nevertheless are made, and the earth-life venture is embarked upon. But memory of it isn't in the foreconscious brain after such a soul has succeeded in getting born into a new infant's body. It's in the back-brain or the subconscious. That means that the soul doesn't think deliberate thoughts, that I remember to become such and such when I get to be eighteen or twenty—or even forty or fifty. Lurking in the back of all the mental processes is a desire-wish called an *Ambition*. "I have the *ambition* to be" such and such—everything from a famous musician to a celebrated trapeze performer. It's a sort of "fused memory", or aspiration "all in one piece," as we might call it, that seems to fill the whole inside of one.

Really it's a recollection of what one wanted to be in earth-life as planned out on the loftier planes of Thought before ever coming into life . . .

**N**OW don't get the idea that we decide on this or that career "by guess and by gorry." We do nothing of the sort. In



those long periods of Time-Out that we take between our many earth-lives, we lay our plans most carefully and artfully. We give our spiritual characters a long and searching overhaul and see what they particularly need to make them strong where they're weak. We might say to ourselves for instance, "I need a forty years' stretch as manager of a great business, where I take all sorts of responsibility upon myself, because up to the present moment I've always hated responsibility and gotten out of seeking to mastermind others, feeling they should go forth and do for themselves. Well, this time I'll stand up to it and get the things in my character that come from directing others, . . . I'll go into earth-life and travel to that moment where the boss of the firm calls me into his office and says he wants me to take charge of the whole works Monday morning."

Having planned all this out in advance



for one's self, fully expectant to meet it and make good on it, the boy soul comes into physical life as someone's male baby possessed almost from the first with ideas of bossing an establishment of his own. He truly can't help it. We say it's "in his subconscious." What we mean is, that such a one is carrying dimly in the background of his mind what it was he wanted to strengthen himself in, by the means of practical experiences in earth-life. So all the factors of that life work toward the consummation of that purpose. They can't help but do this, because of responses called up in others by his temperament. He has shown himself "a little straw-boss" almost from the time he was able to walk. People have come to take for granted that "when he grows up" he will run great enterprises. All right, why shouldn't he? Running great enterprises has been the career he took upon himself by becoming born at all.

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## ¶ *A FLYING rumor never has any trouble making a landing . .*

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But between the time he is born and the time he has his first sizable job offered him, he will disclose the purpose for which he planned his present life by what he will call his "boyhood ambitions."

He really got those ambitions from the plans he made to live a certain kind of life after getting into flesh.

*Ambitions and pre-birth plans are synonymous—meaning one and the same.*

EVERYONE of us had some special reason for being born into life. Everyone of us knew we were going to need exactly the spiritual experiences that would come to us from fulfilling a certain role. All right, we have waited till we saw our chance, and got ourselves born into a family and situation that would land us finally in exactly the role we planned for ourselves because we needed its experiences most to develop and strengthen our characters. Really, it was all planned out beforehand.

Of course boys would seem to have the greater chance to fulfill such before-birth plans than girls. Girls as a rule, on the higher levels of life, aren't particularly curious actually to attain to this or that as a worldly career. Their desires and "ambitions" are more personal. That is to say, they are more interested in paying off deeper spiritual debts. They feel it as a deeper sense of obligation that after all the lives they've had—in which other women have gone through the inconvenience of providing *them* with physical vehicles or organisms—it's about time that they in turn contented themselves with being just wives and mothers and seeing that other souls were provided with new bodies in turn. That's the way they can discharge their own earlier debts to the race as a whole.

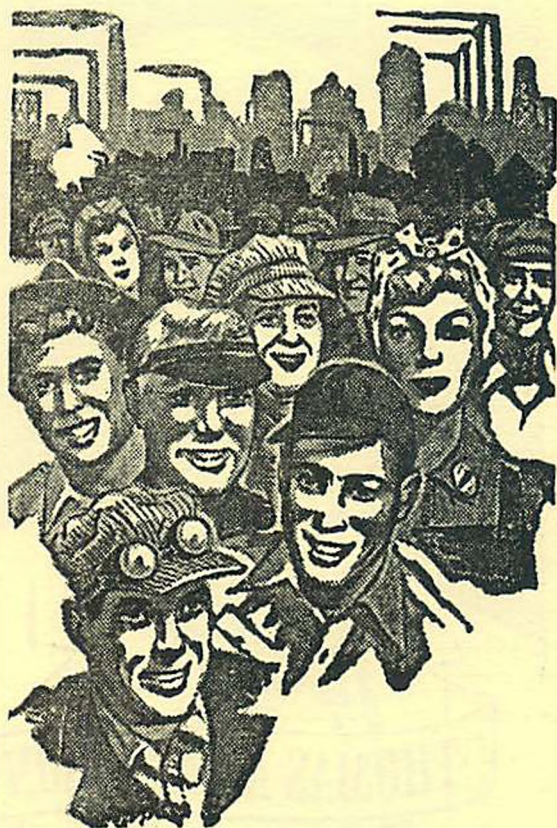
That's chiefly the reason that we find



so few women going in for careers, . . . unless it's a career to help and support some particular man in realizing his life's ambitions. They merely want to play their parts as wives and mothers in gratitude to all the other wives and mothers who've served them throughout all their past lives up to the present moment. They get the satisfaction and realization of *their* ambitions by helping some boy or man to realize *his*. It's considered a very beautiful role, from the Higher Side of life, and so true women go in for it wholesale.

This, of course, explains why so many ordinary little girls seems to think no higher than growing up and meeting a nice boy who loves them very dearly, and settling down into a given home with him and having oodles of children. It's considered a very beautiful role from the Higher Side of life. And indeed it is, because in the long, long run it pays off so *much*.

SO, whether you're boy or girl, if you feel a strange and overwhelming urge that when you get up to a certain age you should become thus-and-such, don't ever make fun of it to yourself or think it's passing fancy. That peculiar "feeling" actually is the business of "remembering subconsciously" just what it was you originally came into physical flesh to do. You felt that way about it before you ever descended down here into baby flesh, because you'd figured it out that through such role you'd strengthen yourself to the utmost for all the adventures still await-



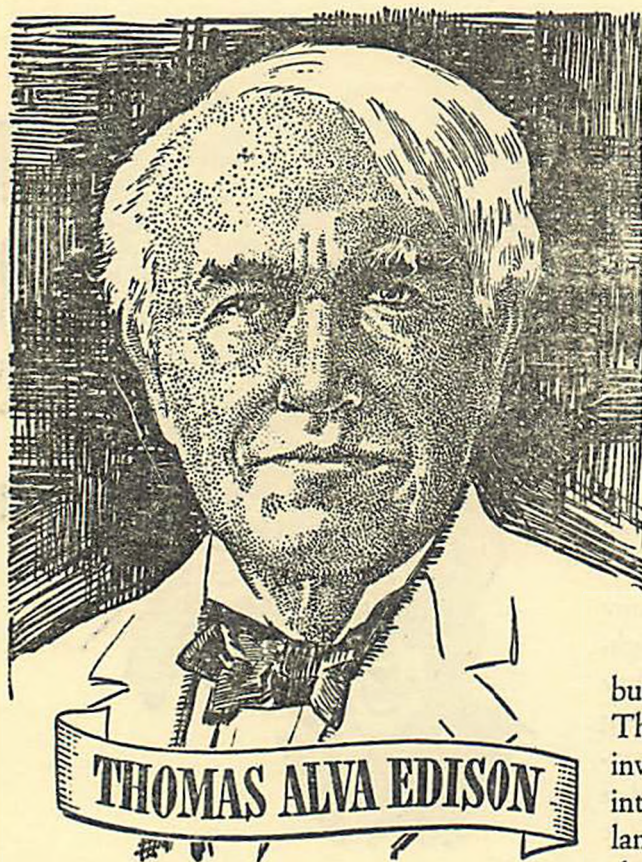
ing you up the higher lives you're still to live.

Remember this, next time you hear some companion express some strange, odd, or peculiar "ambition" . . .

He's recognized, in the times before he entered life, that the role he imagines for himself would give him what he most needs spiritually.

That's a very sacred obligation on anyone, when you come right down to consider it. All of us are here in this earth world for no other reason than to "build ourselves spiritually." Fine! Let's follow our subconscious ambitions and become the very *greatest* people we can.





## LET'S Not Forget Edison's Birthday, February 11th

**K**EEN as we are about celebrating the birthdays of Washington and Lincoln this month, let's not forget that February includes the birthday of still a third great American—Thomas A. Edison. He was born in Milan, Ohio, on February 11, 1847.

Have you ever given serious thought to what an old slow-poke world you'd still be living in, if Thomas A. Edison had never lived and brightened it with his inventions?

You come home from school on a dark afternoon and think nothing of turning a

button that switches on electric lights. If Thomas A. Edison had never lived and invented the electric-light bulb, you'd go into the kitchen and light a dim kerosene lamp—and get along with it throughout the evening as best you could. Edison it was, who first turned an electric current into a glass bulb that gave modern civilization its wonderful incandescent lamps.

Very good, you eat dinner by the light of such lamps in your parents' dining room and decide that maybe you could all go to the movies. But unless Edison had lived, no one would know what it was that you were suggesting. Edison was the first man to invent a camera that held reels of film, which, when run through in series of pictures, gave the effect of movement on the screen. No Edison, no movies.

Or maybe father or mother are too tired to go out with you to the movies. You decide you'll all stay home and listen to the



radio. But if Thomas A. Edison never had discovered the "Edison Effect" or flow of electrons from a hot filament, the modern electronic tube in radio broadcasting would never have come into existence and discovery of radio might still lie in the future. Oh well, never mind the radio. Suppose you play the new victrola records that sister Jane got at the music shop this afternoon.

Edison again. Without his invention of the earliest phonograph, the victrola would be missing from its familiar place in the living room.

**P**ROBABLY no boy ever started out in the world with less than Tommy Edison. Born in a little one-horse town in northern Ohio, of parents poor as church mice, he got his first job on the Detroit & Huron Railroad when he was only twelve. He never had a chance to attend public school and get an ordinary education. But in the baggage car of his train at night he began to experiment with batteries.

The first thing he invented was a stock ticker that he began to manufacture for the stock exchange. He started to make some real money from this, moved to Newark, N. J. and set up a laboratory for electrical experiments. Later he moved this to the famous Menlo Park, outside of West Orange, N. J. Here he worked from shortly after the Civil War till well down into the memories of many old folk now living. He was a close friend of Henry Ford.

Not only the phonograph, the electric light, and the radio owe their existence to Edison, but we would never be able to talk

long-distance over the telephone if it wasn't for Edison's electronic tube, now come to its full flower in television and talkie movies. He took out over 1,200 patents on his various inventions. One of his last was a process for distilling rubber from golden rod, chemically.

But do you know what he was reported working upon at the time of his graduation from his body in 1931?

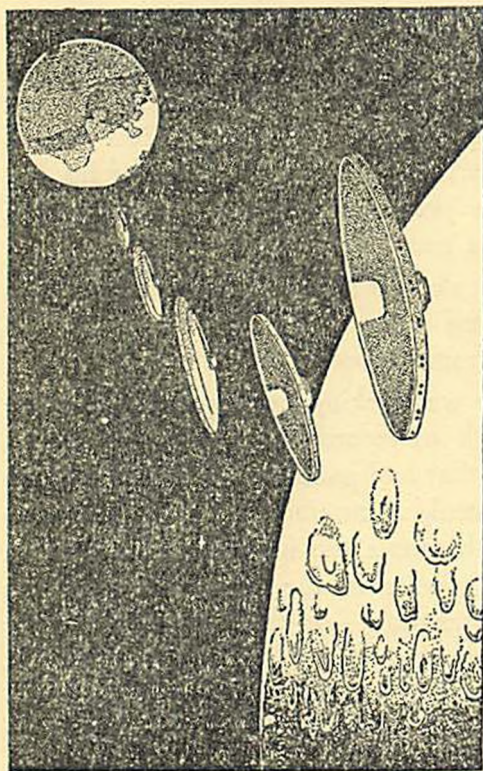
He was seeking an apparatus sensitive enough to record the thought-signals of souls that had gone out of their bodies, so they could communicate back mechanically with people still in flesh. Edison was a firm believer in the reality of conscious life after death—as are all truly great men. Rumors since his bodily death have had it that he was far more successful in perfecting such a mechanism than the public ever dreamed, but that some of the churches, fearing they might be shown up for their mistaken teachings about life after death, prevailed on him through President Coolidge to not try to complete it.

Nobody can ever say how many more wonderful things we would be enjoying today if Thomas Edison could have lived another ten to twenty years. But even so, he did live to be 84, and during the last years of his life he was as deaf as a post.

His was a real record of successful life. Without the slightest bit of help from anyone, he went ahead and did what he'd come into earth-life to do. And the whole world is far ahead on the path of progress because he lived—and invented—in it . .

February 11th his birthday is. Almost he and Abraham Lincoln had the same.





# WHAT We Should Nearest Star in our

¶ *Light Takes Eight Minutes  
Speed of 186,000 Miles per  
Matter in It Would Ma*

**I**N the series of papers on Astronomy which you have been reading in this magazine over the past few months, very little has been said as yet about any heavenly bodies but the moon and planets. The most important heavenly body to Earth has not been touched on. We should recognize it at once as the Sun . . . Although we have seen it rise in the morning and set in the late afternoon ever since we discovered ourselves born, comparatively few of us realize that what we are actually looking at from sunrise to sunset is nothing more nor less than a common star—but the nearest star to us anywhere in the heavens.

Calling this very closest star the Sun, by the way, was a name that came into our language from the early Anglo-Saxon. The Saxons, however, spelled it *sunne*. Most of our words in English came from the Latin language, but if we had called the Sun by the Latin name we would today be referring to it as the *Sol*. Of course we revert back to the Latin to a degree when we describe things pertaining to the Sun as *solar*. The Solar Equinox for instance, which we'll have explained for us further along . . . The word *son*, meaning the male child of mortal parents, has no connection with the old Anglo-Saxon term for our nearest star. It just happens to be pronounced the same.

**N**OW the further amazing thing is, that while this nearest Sun-star is bigger than our Earth by something like 334,500 times, it is truly one of the smallest stars in the universe. You can imagine what the



# Know about the Sun as the Understanding of Astronomy . .

## *to Come from the Sun at the Second, and the Volume of the 334,500 Earth Planets*

bigness of some of the others is. The Sun-star Betelgeuse, for instance, is so big in itself that you could put nearly all the planets of our whole solar system *inside* it, orbits and all. Yet it's so far away from us that when you go out on a dark starlit night and look at it, it appears only as a glimmering pinpoint. There are actually millions of such great stars that can't be seen from earth at all, their light doesn't flash that far.

Our sun-star seems so great and powerful to us purely from the fact that it is the closest. Even so, it is 92,894,100 miles from us. Its light-beams, traveling at a speed of 186,000 miles every second, need over eight minutes to reach us. This means that if for any particular reason the entire light from our sun should stop or be smothered to total blackness, we folk here on Earth wouldn't know a thing about it for full eight minutes. The light rays would be coming through the intervening

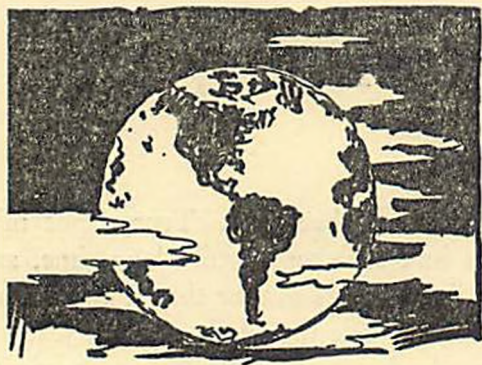
distance all that time. True, eight minutes isn't such an awfully long time, and yet light travels so fast that it could completely encircle the whole earth in just one second. A second is just about the period that it takes you to shut and open the fingers on your hand. Think of speed so great that a light ray has traveled completely around the earth at the equator seven times while you are doing that simple exercise with your fingers. Then try to compare that speed with the distance covered in eight full minutes . .

TO MAKE a heavenly body as big as this Sun-star of ours would take three hundred and thirty-four *thousand* and five hundred Earth planets. Of course it's beyond our powers of imagination to grasp such a size. But there are still more amazing things about it than its size or distance from us. One of them is its composition, what it's made of.

Principally it seems to be made of what we would call hot iron, so very hot that it pours like liquid . . the same as iron does in a common foundry to fill molds. Almost we might consider it that the Sun is a single great drop of molten iron in the sky, and if it could be poured into per-



factly spherical molds it would give enough material to cast three hundred and thirty-four and a half *thousand* globes like this Earth.



Actually the sun couldn't be poured off like that because the act of pouring means that the gravity of the earth must attract it out of the skillet held over the mold. And up where the sun is, there is no other heavenly body near enough to exert such gravity on it. This means, to all intents and purposes, that despite its unbelievable size, this colossal molten iron drop is weightless. But being so big, it does exert a gravity pull on all surrounding heavenly bodies. At the same time, as this gravity swings the smaller planets around it they tend to fly off like a ball swung at the end of a string around your head. Thus are they kept in the "balance" of their orbits—between the pull of the sun and its outward "throw" due to its motion . .

However, there's another big point we shouldn't miss when considering the sun. Despite its composition of molten metal, it isn't slow-moving molten metal such as we see being poured in an ordinary iron foundry. It's so unbelievably *hot* that call-

ing it liquid isn't exactly correct. It's actually so hot that the greater part of it is gaseous. All of us should know that gas is the next state to liquid when considering density of materials.

THE SHINING outer surface of the sun scientists call its Photosphere, probably from the fact that this shining outer surface is what registers on their camera plates when they take pictures of it. Above this, and separated from it by what astronomers call a "reversing layer" is a great red envelope of still thinner gas that is called the Chromosphere. Surrounding all of it is a radiance, or reflection, or aura—caused by particles in free space reflecting its luminosity, called the Corona. It is this Corona that gives us the startling pictures of the sun when the moon comes exactly between sun and earth in a total eclipse. The main brilliance of the Sun is blanked out by the intervening moon and our cameras take pictures of the radiance itself—which is declared to reach millions of miles out into space. Taken as a whole, the corona shows up as sheets of free flame flaring far out into space but making a most amazing spectacle of illumination.

However, the most mysterious thing about the Sun, which scientists haven't yet solved, are the Sun-spots. Let's consider them a moment, so that the next time you read about sun-spots in the newspaper, you'll have some general idea of what's being talked about . .

SUNSPOTS are huge round, black patches, appearing almost at regular in-



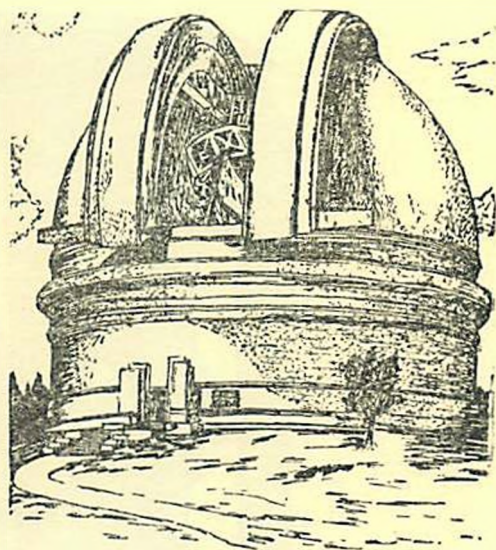
tervals on certain reaches of the sun's shining outer surface—which of course is the boundary of the fiery sphere seen by the human eye. Strangely enough, they always appear in a certain latitude of the sun's spherical surface, meaning lines that might be drawn across it east and west.

These patches vary in diameter, some of them being as immense as 150,000 of our earth miles across. Smaller ones, down to mere pin-points as seen from earth, are called *pores*.

Science hasn't yet found out what actually causes sun-spots, but it has been noted and recorded that they come to greatest display once every eleven years and eleven months. In between, they dwindle away till they can hardly be seen, then eleven years later they break out all over again.

Astronomers and physicists seeking the cause of the wonder on the sun's vast surface come to believe that they may be cavities formed in the photosphere by the pressure of great masses of fiery vapor, just as a current in a river will make a whirlpool in the water that sometimes is seen to go down an amazing distance from the water's surface. But the mystery is, why those cavities or whirlpools on the sun happen with such eleven-year regularity . . .

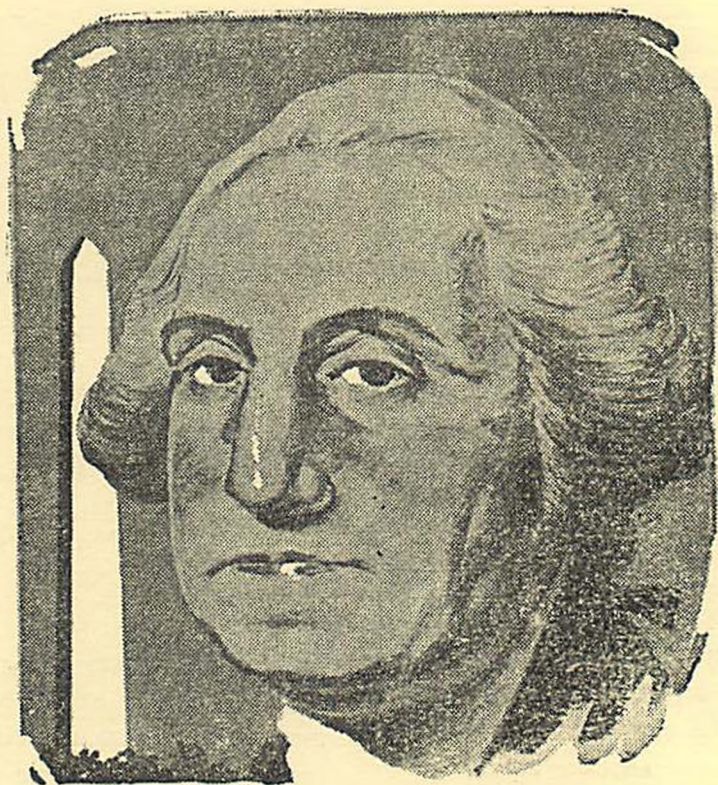
One thing certainly is shown, that when those cavities occur they have a direct bearing on our earth-world weather. Out in California a few years ago was a Catholic priest who devoted his whole life to observation of the sun's spots. He found, after long years of study, that weather could be figured out in advance. If Father



Francis said it was going to rain at half-past two in the afternoon of a day two months in advance, *it always rained on perfect schedule*. He would write out his predictions for rainy or clear weather for thirty days in advance, and he never missed over a long period of years. Thus the effect of sun-spots on our weather was definitely discovered.

Undoubtedly behind the influence of sunspots on our earthly weather is the bombardment of cosmic rays from the sun, the exact nature of which we haven't determined. When the sun is "blackest" with spots, the cosmic ray bombardment may be different than at times when the sun's surface is clear. In any event, the appearance of the sun-spots means little to worry about, because they have been happening over untold centuries and nothing serious has resulted from them up to the present moment—nothing more serious, that is, than an unusually rainy day . . .





## SUPPOSE You Met Washington or Lincoln Face to Face? . .

¶ *IT Might Not Be So  
Fantastic as It Seems  
when You Come to  
Change Bodies . .*

**P**ERHAPS you consider it pretty much of a fairy-tale that the time might ever come when you stood face to face with such great Americans of history as George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Benjamin Franklin or Thomas Jefferson. But knowing as we do that human personality survives death of



our bodies, why could it not happen that you saw these famous characters with your own eyes and perhaps even exchanged a word of salutation with them voice to voice? If they are still alive, on the higher planes of life, why should they not be as real as they ever were in flesh?

True, George Washington, the father of his country, passed into the Greater and Freer Life in 1799—just a few weeks before the turn of the nineteenth century. Abraham Lincoln died, as most every schoolchild knows, in result of being assassinated by John Wilkes Booth at Ford's Theatre, Washington, in 1865, the year that saw the close of the war between the States. Benjamin Franklin died nine years before Washington did, 1790. Thomas Jefferson survived both by over twenty years, dying at Monticello, Virginia, on the 4th of July of 1826.

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## ¶ *CONFIDENCE in other people's virtues is no slight evidence of one's own . .*

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One of the strange coincidences of American history, by the way, was that ex-President John Quincy Adams of Massachusetts, who had been equally active with Jefferson during the American Revolution, died on the same day and almost the same

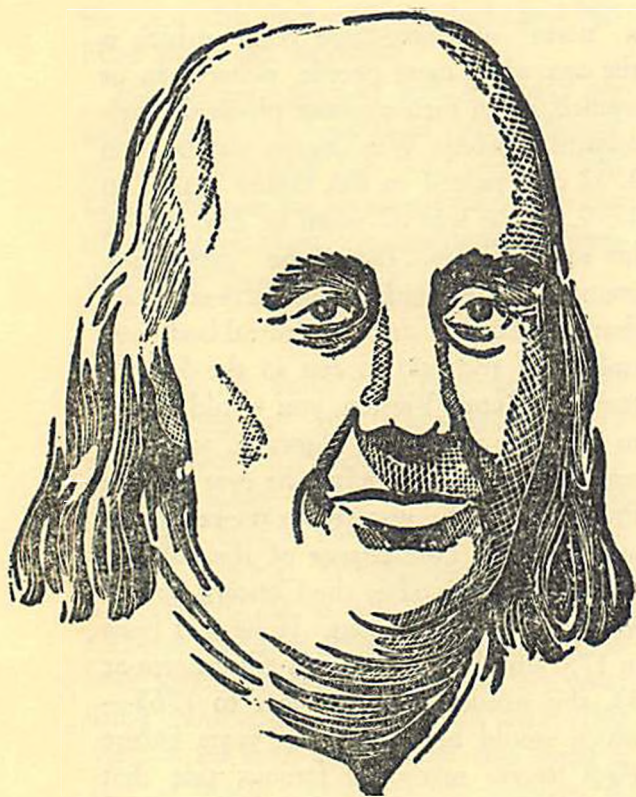
hour, up in his home in Massachusetts. July 4th—Independence Day—what a splendid date to die on!

But if human personality continues along into the higher life, as we are told it does by those who make the spiritual Passing up here in these present years, Washington, Franklin, Jefferson and Lincoln should be just as recognizable in their spiritual bodies as they ever were in physical bodies, living in retirement in the higher realms precisely as great statesmen and soldiers like Herbert Hoover or General Douglas MacArthur do here in their flesh at the present moment.

There would be only one cause for them not being available on the loftier levels of consciousness, and that would be the chance that Washington, Franklin or Jefferson might have decided to come back and pay another visit to earth as the personality of some famous person or persons in our present days when this country needs them so badly again in its battle against Communism.

Lincoln, we have cause to believe, has not as yet attempted such return. On several occasions, it has been reported, when Mr. Henry Ford, the great automobile manufacturer, was alive just a few years ago, Abraham Lincoln appeared to him again and again in materialized form during spirit seances in Detroit and consulted with him in what was the best way to solve many of the problems growing out of Mr. Ford's great automobile business. People still alive and known to the editor of this magazine have declared that they were personally present when Mr. Lincoln did this. They beheld him with their own eyes and heard





United States as it has unfolded year by year since, seeing that his earthly career was so closely tied up with establishing its government. Undoubtedly he would seek many ways of getting his ideas and recommendations across to the great men who have since filled his earlier position as President, advising them in their activities, especially in times of great crisis to our country. We know that the reports have been constant of the sighting of the etheric light-body of Abraham Lincoln in the White House from time to time, especially during the Roosevelt Administration. Many of them found print in the Washington newspapers at the time that the White

House underwent such extensive repairs during the administration of President Truman.

It should stand to reason that United States Presidents who have carried the honors and burdens of that great office would continue to be vitally interested in the careers of their successors and how they guided the country when it came to be beset by great war dangers. Coming back down here onto the earth-plane and into the earth-vibration should offer no great difficulties to them. Great statesmen do it constantly. McKenzie King, late premier of Canada, who was greatly interested in psychical happenings and discoveries before his physical death, has been seen repeatedly in the parliamentary buildings and parks in and around Ottawa. On one occasion that is now famous in psychical history, he showed himself so solid again that when he sauntered up to a newspaperman sitting in a government park bench in Ottawa, and began chatting with him, the stunned newspaperman recognized him and talked with him . .

NO, WE who are enlightened in these matters should by no means think such happenings strange. And when, in due course of the years, we arrive at our own times of Transition, and find ourselves in the loftier conditions of Space and Matter, we can confidently expect that seeing these great men of the past will gradually become almost a common occurrence with us. If we be especially worthy of it, by reason of the splendid records we roll up for ourselves in our own current lives, we



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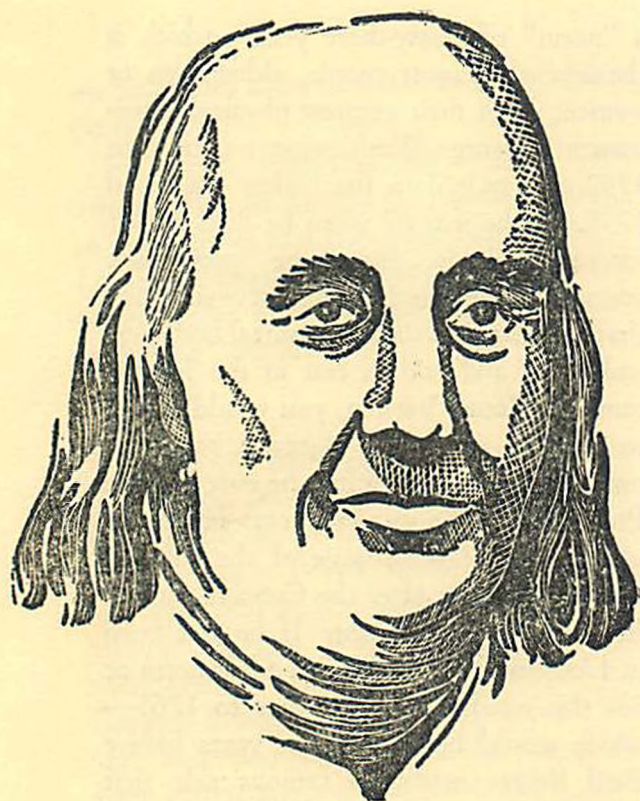
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shall undoubtedly have the privilege of conversing with these celebrated souls by word of mouth.

It is only people who are disgracefully ignorant of such possibilities who assume that this life on earth is all that we live, and, as the saying has it, "when we die we shall be a long time dead." When we die physically, to the contrary, we shall discover ourselves even more alive than we are right here in the present. And that same thing must hold for all the great men who have written their names large in the books of history.

Why then, should we not expect to see the great of the past precisely as today, if

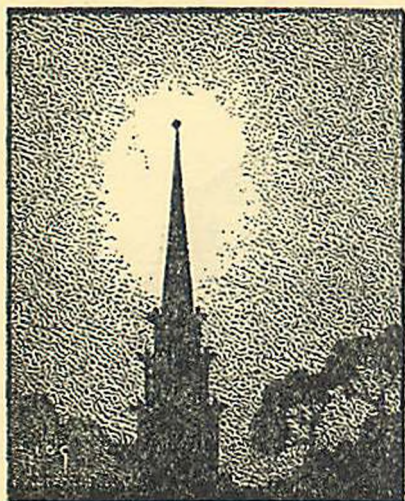
we made a trip to Washington we might raise our eyes and see President Eisenhower perhaps driven past in an official limousine on his way from the White House to Capitol Hill or if it's on Sunday, going to church?

These great freedoms and possibilities are things to look forward to, when our own times come for making the Passing. Only the very ignorant or the perfectly silly are *afraid* of going through such change.

Whoever has been particularly *afraid* to leaving those loftier realms to get himself or herself born down into this present life?

Where will be the difference?





# WHY We Have So Many Churches and Religions . .

*¶ A Question that May  
Puzzle Older, Wiser  
People Quite as Much  
as the Small Fry . .*

**A**FTER you get born into the earth-world, and are old enough to start school, you make the discovery for yourself that even in your schoolroom there are boys and girls of different religious beliefs than yourself. Some are Protestant, some are Catholic, the State of California even has boys and girls of Chinese and Japanese parentage, and before long you are told that in the matter of religion they are Buddhists. Sooner or later you get wondering about all these religions, how they came about, and why those who worship God under them think it so necessary to believe differently? You only need to take a look at the skyline of any city from an outstanding hilltop and you see quickly enough a dozen to twenty church steeples, each representing a different faith.

Some of these faiths—as we call the different kinds of religious beliefs—claim to be very, very old, going back hundreds and perhaps thousands of years. Others got started quite recently—say the Mormon Church for instance, out in Utah, sometimes called the Church of Latter Day Saints—that was founded just a little over a hundred years ago, in 1830 to be exact. Then in every city in America there are churches of the Christian Scientists. This faith is almost the youngest of all, being begun in Boston as late as 1876.

Why do people go in for churches of different beliefs like this? Every intelligent Soulcraft boy or girl should know something of the reasons . .



IN THE first place it should be taken for granted that different people founded their churches to keep alive somebody's very close and vivid idea of God. The oldest continuous church which we have up here in modern times, is of course, the Roman Catholic. By the way, the original meaning of the word "Catholic" had little or nothing to do with religion as religion. The word "catholic" really means "universal" or intending to take in, or include, everybody. Remember there is a Greek Catholic Church, the same as there is a Roman Catholic Church. They are two separate and distinct organizations, with two separate and distinct church heads. That Christian religion that acknowledges the Pope of Rome as its head and which demands obedience and allegiance to this definite and visible center of religious unity, ruling its world-wide affairs out of Rome, was supposed to have been founded by Simon Peter, the head apostle or disciple of Christ, who went to Rome after the Crucifixion and was said to have been martyred there by crucifixion himself, just like Jesus. Anyhow, a congregation grew up in Rome around Peter who was its preacher, and some of the other early Christian fathers after they settled here, and its members called themselves a church. Missionaries went out from it all over the earth, founding branch congregations. So on and off its age is practically as old as Christianity itself.

Then, after the Roman and Greek Christian churches had been running and

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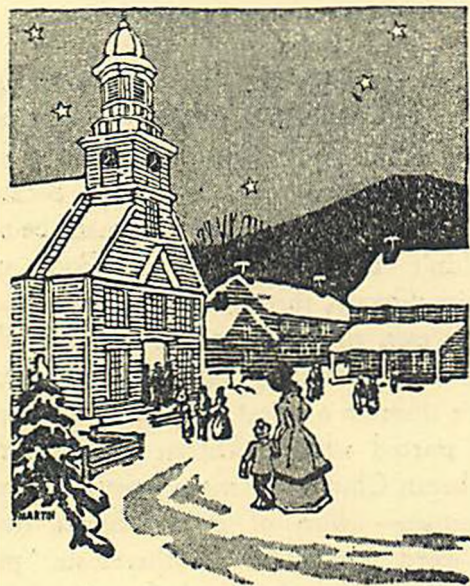
**¶ CHRISTIANITY is**  
*the companion of liber-*  
*ty in its conflicts, the*  
*cradle of its infancy,*  
*and the divine source*  
*of its claims . .*

---

holding meetings for around fifteen hundred years, Martin Luther, a German priest, broke away from the Roman priesthood at Wittenburg, Germany, because he refused to agree that human beings couldn't communicate with God and Christ directly, through prayer, every man in his own right, instead of what the Roman Church taught, that such contact had to be through a priest, or prelate, or Pope. He started what is known today as the Lutheran Church, or more generally Protestantism—which of course comes from the word "protest" . . . Lutheranism "protested" against the need for any intermediary between God and man. Thereupon, up across the next few hundred years, Protestant Lutheranism spread all over Europe, England, and America, but broken up into little independent congregations, such as the Baptists, the Methodists, the Episcopalians and the Presbyterians . .



NOW queerly enough, all these break-ups into separate churches seem to come about purely from people of different temperaments wanting to follow out their own notions about how precisely God should be worshiped. Some founder or religious leader believes he's received a divine revelation about who or what God is, or how He prefers to be praised and venerated, and he relates it to his relatives or friends, and they see his point and agree with him. They get away by themselves, chip in enough common funds to build their own peculiar church, and pay the sal-



ary of their own minister—who believes and preaches exactly as they do. Then after a time—or rather, the passing of a good many years—these particular religious beliefs become, as we say “traditional”, that is, people of a later day accept them as being absolutely correct simply from the

length of time their forebears worshiped, held and preached similar beliefs. The original founder—like Luther—might not have been right at all about God wanting Himself worshiped in any particular way or the way Luther ordered. But the belief grows and remains until it gets so old that everyone feels it is almost sacrilegious to upset it or stop it. Each of these different notions about God preferring to be worshiped this way or that, or the organizations that claim to have the only and exclusive truth, live on what we call their *momentum*—from one generation to another generation. They are largely built on what one outstanding man, or his first converts, *thought* or held as an opinion.

As Soulcraft told you last month, out of them all there is only one little-known sect that has ever made any real business of communicating with the souls of people who have reached heaven and found out from them what the real facts are, about the future life, and that's the Spiritualists. But the Spiritualists possess few churches, and are more concerned with keeping on learning more and more facts of the coming life—like Soulcraft—than in forming great codes of doctrine, all based on the opinions of a great many men, supposed to be accurate because of the length of time that people have subscribed to them.

The people whom the Spiritualists communicate with in the heavenly life actually disclose that God doesn't want to be worshiped—He wants to be *loved*. But that doesn't make one whit of difference to church heads whose church histories go far back into the earliest days of world history.



They not only feel they're right in their positions but argue if they were wrong, the Lord Himself would long since have silenced them. Well, it wasn't until day before yesterday that any of us knew about the atom bombs and how to explode them for use in war. The length of time that a given thing has been *known* or endorsed, has nothing to do with its truth. New Things of truth are coming to light every day.

**T**HINK what an awful plight all these lordly churches and ministers are going to find themselves in, when the true facts about the life beyond earth come out through modern psychical discoveries and the churches and church heads make the discovery they've been entirely wrong on fundamentals from the very beginning. Up across whole generations they've been preaching to people that one set of happenings awaited them after quitting their bodies whereas what they taught hasn't truly been that at all. Jesus doesn't "save guilty people from their sins" . . . everybody is required to stand squarely up to responsibilities for what he's done in life, and pay the penalty by not being able to rise any higher on the spiritual planes than his equipment permits. People in general are going to be awful angry over the way they've been falsely instructed, when the real showdown comes. Cold, hard Science is going to prove the facts about what people confront after they give up their physical bodies, and the churches and ministers aren't going to have a leg to stand on.



So these many churches and church spires that you see when you look across any city from a hilltop are all the creations of men and men's ideas. People who make a serious business of entering into plain talk with those outside of physical bodies, know that God is too big and far-off to care particularly what some minister in a pulpit says about Him, and whether peo-



ple are gathered in a big expensive cathedral to worship Him or some little poverty-stricken meetinghouse. But the trouble is, that people in both the cathedral and the poverty-stricken meetinghouse today have been coaxed into believing that no living human being can hold speech with "dead" people or exchange ideas with them, and if it actually did happen, it was arranged through the workings of the Devil. They believe very much in the existence of the Devil.

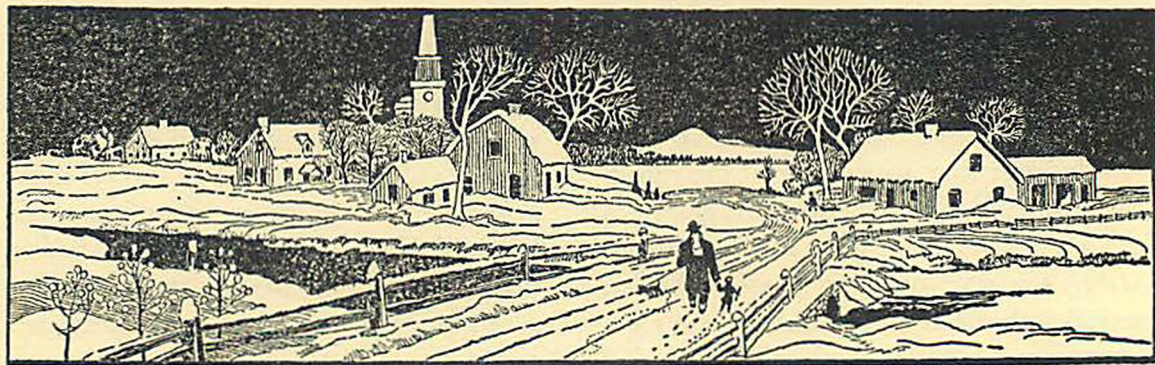
As a matter of fact, the Devil himself was the sole idea of a one-time religious leader named Zarathustra, who founded a great religion in Persia called Zoroastrianism. Zarathustra hatched this Devil idea out of whole cloth, and then went around preaching how greatly human folks should fear him and keep away from him. The early Christian church picked up the same idea—all the product of one man's imagination—and asks its people to believe that if they don't believe in this Devil—or Satan—they'll find themselves in his personal domain known as hell, to burn in awful fires forever and ever.

You and I go to the Spiritualists or psy-

chical researchers and ask our friends who have graduated out of their physical bodies if there's such a being as the Devil, and they reply, "Positively NOT! That's all an ancient idea hatched up by Zarathustra to account for the wickedness he saw in the world." Enlightened Christians today recognize that all the wickedness loose in the world is solely the result of human beings being unforgivably ignorant, or doing as they please, regardless of whom it injures, or feeling poisonous toward the preachers who teach something they haven't a shred of proof to produce in support of it.

So, as you grow older, you'll hear all about the squabbles of those various churches, refusing to believe alike, all saying that they, each one, have illumination of the only real truth. But if you know your Soulcraft, basing your own position on what people communicate to you from beyond Death, you'll be able to smile at all of it. All these churches represent what given groups of men *guess* to be the truth.

You as a Soulcrafter do not have to guess. Your loving relatives on the upper levels of life disclose to you the facts of eternity as they exist!







## WHY Killing Animals Is Poor Sportsmanship

*FIGHT Only Opponents of Your Own Size  
that Stand an Equal Chance of Winning*

ONE DAY when I was seven years old," the Editor writes, "I beheld a noisy commotion under an apple tree over in a neighbor's sideyard. Five boys seemed excited over something that was happening. Certainly three dogs barking loudly enough about it. Thus I hurried over. I could scarcely believe my eyes when I saw what the tumult was all about. It was actually all about one sparrow. The sparrow was being killed. All five boys—the oldest not over twelve—had converged on the spot with air-rifles. The first of them had made a shot and broken the sparrow's wing, knocking it out of the apple tree. Four others had promptly concentrated their weapons on taking its life. Bones hopelessly broken but pluckily holding to its life, the sparrow kicked its wispy feet from its position on its back, tiny eyes glazing. And those five boys considered they were accomplishing something smart

by standing over it and pumping more and more BB shot into it. I was so angered by the whole disgusting thing that I cried—

"What do you think you're doing?"

"Hunting," the next to the oldest boy boasted.

"Hunting!" I scoffed. "Does it take five hunters and three dogs to kill one poor defenseless bird?"

"It's game," defended another boy.

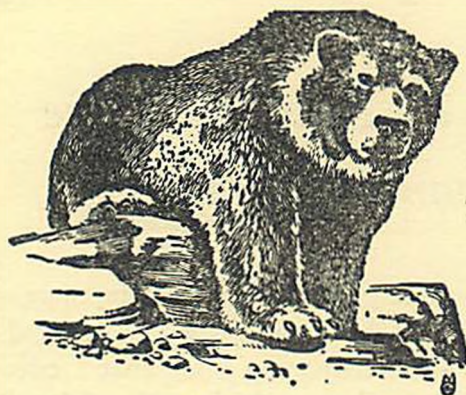
"I'll say it's game," I agreed, noting the heroic little fight the sparrow was making to live, but I meant it differently than this bulk of a stupid boy who would load his gun and shoot, and load his gun and shoot again.

In nearly sixty years I've never forgotten how that sparrow's death impressed me. *It was all so unsporting.*

IN THE First place, the fact that the sparrow could be killed by a shot from a boy's gun did not make it a game bird. In the second place, it had no fight to pick



with humanfolk, boys or men. Left to itself to live its life it would have twittered saucily from roofs or bushes for three or four seasons—if lucky enough to keep out of the claws of cats—and enjoyed the world in which it had found itself with just as much right as any other living creature. But both were beside my point.



It was the unfairness of the shooting contest that so wrought me up. The sparrow had possessed no equipment to meet those five boys and three dogs on anything like an equal footing. It couldn't hurt them, in other words, defending itself, as they could hurt *it*. Had it been a savage chicken-stealing bobcat they had cornered, that could claw them bloodily in fighting to preserve its life, that would have been something else. But a perfectly harmless and inoffensive *sparrow*! Even at seven years, my blood boiled with indignation. You see, I had the imaginative faculty even thus young to put myself in the sparrow's place . . .

It had been twittering and flitting about in the apple tree where it had natural license to be. Suddenly a pill of lead—granting it were no bigger than a single

ball of buckshot—had come whanging out of nowhere and broken the bone in one wing. The pill of buckshot had been plenty big enough to the sparrow, the size of a football comparing it to the bulk of a human. Instantly the bird had been rendered helpless. What "sport" was contained in the business of standing over it in closeup, after it had fallen to the ground, and crushing and mangling its feathered person by one metallic football after another shot at and into it?

Leaving all maudlin sentiment aside, five giants had come up with death-contrivances that catapulted metal footballs into the person, and fancied they were getting a sporting kick out of making certain of their victim's death. That death achieved, they had been content to let one of their dogs crunch it, while they trooped away looking for more sparrows' lives to end and call it "sport."

**S**PORT, indeed! Wherever is there "sport" in engaging in a contest where the odds are overwhelmingly on one side?

In olden days of chivalry, a knight would mount himself on a "charger", clad in mail and protected by a shield. He would start at a gallop from one end of a field, his lance held out vertically, and when the two horses came close he would strive to poke his opponent off his horse. They called it "jousting" and it was considered a great honor to unseat an opponent from his saddle. But take note of the fact that both horses and riders were fairly evenly matched, and the one who displayed the most skill—and cool judg-



ment of eye and arm—was the winner.

That was commendably and truly sporting.

The instant that the odds are turned in any contest so that one contestant has an advantage that the other one doesn't, there's not a lick of honor for the one who wins. Because the winning was reached by unequal forces. We're going back to a Law of Balance in such an affair. Balance is fundamental spirituality . .

I FELT ashamed of my breed that day back in boyhood when I beheld five companions match themselves and their fancy air-weapons against one defenseless bird and consider they'd done something smart to exterminate it. Where was any chivalry in a contest so unequal and contemptible?

Where's the chivalry in the "sport" of hunting, anyway?

All the mechanical invention is on the side of the hunter. The hunted can't defend itself against the bullet that comes speeding out of nowhere and wrecks its bodily self. The human being, engaging in hunting as a "sport," considers he's done something clever in adroitly moving up on his wanted quarry—stalking it, the term is—and edging himself into place where he can inflict death without the quarry suspecting. This means inflicting death by unfair advantage because the quarry has no chance to protect nor defend himself nor inflict similar death under similar circumstances.

Let such assassins creep up on a human being in modern civilization, and commit

such an outrage, and police or armed troops are frantically summoned. The fact that five boys do the same thing to a sparrow doesn't alter the principle involved.

It was George Bernard Shaw who called attention to the fact that when a tiger stalks a man, it is an act of intolerable ferocity, but when a man stalks a tiger—especially if the man were equipped with a repeating rifle—aha!—that's Sport.

Shaw had it right.

Spirituality says, "Give contestants equal advantage, then may the smartest win." Because skill is then called on. Maybe courage is involved.

But what skill or courage was involved in five boys being such stupid little brutes as to converge on the mechanical killing of one sparrow, and considering they were mighty hunters before the Lord?



I REMEMBERED all my life the dilemma of that sparrow, "shot" thus unmercifully back in 1897. I say it was plain, ugly, inexcusable murder.





First, it had broken no law but the law of *being*—or at least existing—which of course was no crime excepting in the eyes of vainglorious young stalwarts who dare not saunter forth to bag game of real defense equipment unless they carry the very latest in high-powered repeating rifles.

I recalled for the next sixty years how those hoodlum boys would have felt had they been going about legitimate boy-business of a summer's afternoon, to meet up suddenly with five monsters, three hundred times their size, who considered it stalwart and noble to shoot their childish bodies to bloody masses, and then continue along, considering they'd done something smart.

I remember, looking back on it at this late day, that 'Toughie' Brown, the worst-acting, cigarette-smoking character in the group, had taken the lead exterminating that sparrow. Toughie had laughed at my sentimental protests and pushed me over the tree trunk. Ten years later, by the way, I got no little satisfaction out of reading in the paper that the police had picked him up and jailed him for breaking into, and robbing, a south-of-town grocery store. That had nothing to do, of course, with the killing of a lone bird. But the thoughtless ego of the character himself was working in both cases. It was saying, "I want my own way, and if I can't get it I'll break the law". In the mur-

der of the sparrow, it was the moral law of unfair pitting of forces, that was broken.

To my way of thinking that long-ago nameless bird died a martyr's death, but it did make me careful for the next sixty years never to engage in a fight where my opponent didn't possess every advantage for defense that I possessed for attack. The fact that the creature that forewent its life from that afternoon onward was a "perfectly worthless" bird had nothing to do with the principle of the thing. The bird wasn't "perfectly worthless" to itself. The fact of its having been born into life indicated that it had the right to live its life.

No one is so crazy as to say that hunting for food purposes when human beings may otherwise starve for lack of it, isn't perfectly legitimate. Let's not call it Sport. Let's look down on the poor brainstrapped ignoramus who engages in killing—when all the advantages are on his side—as the twisted-soul egoist he is. To be manly and square and what we call "exponent of justice" let the odds be as even as we know how to make them—particularly in a contest where any creature's life is the pawn.

Animals, in the last resort, are people, in that their private feelings to themselves are no different from ours when survival is the issue. The finest kind of compassion in treating with them is simple justice: *Would we like them to do it to us?*

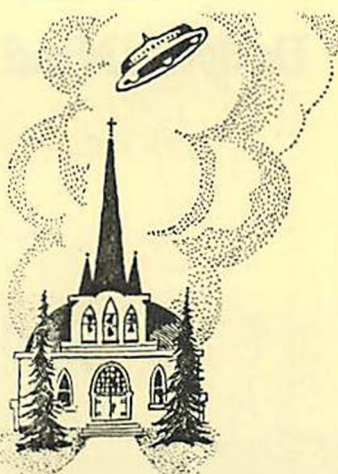


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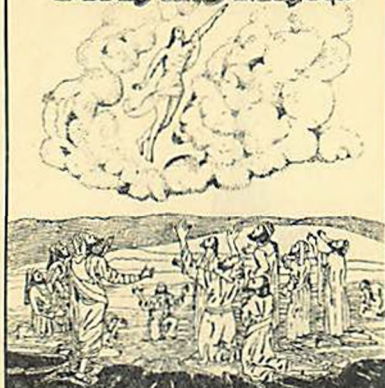
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